

Chapter Four – Suicide Mission

I have no memory of this. AT ALL. Nothing. Zero. Yet I have seen Tarot Card readings that say I *did* know. Since these card readers have been very accurate on many other things, I suspect that what they were picking up on, was my subconscious, or my higher self, who may have been aware of the situation. Also, possibly, in early childhood, I may have spoken in expectation of being someone important, which may have caused some jealousy in my (older) sister. But to my conscious mind, throughout the rest of my life, I had no idea of what I had agreed to take on.

What has come out in the readings, is that I had agreed, prior to this life, to take on a Mission that would require me to simply survive for basically six decades. Simple survival would be a win. From that point, I would be in position to raise the vibration for 2026. But the Mission was daunting. I would be set upon by all manner of evil intent, meant to break me (suicide), kill me, or drive me insane. I would be essentially on my own, plus a guardian angel, (which means I had no more help than anyone else gets). The Divine would monitor, but could not intervene, since these tests I must pass largely by my own devices.

Like a space-monkey, in the earliest experiments of space exploration, I was shot off into the unknown. I had apparently volunteered for this. It would require courage, and considerable faith, in the greater good. It has been reported that in at least one other life, I had a similar role, and that I had failed. I can believe this, because I have always sensed a very heavy trauma, in the mists of my subconscious. In that instance, I was apparently caught and ritually sacrificed by evil doers, in a most brutal manner. So those that might scoff at the idea that the current mission was dangerous may want to keep that in mind.

I have seen it mentioned that I was an angel, a spirit of compassion, having a human experience. I would have no way to confirm or deny this, other than to note that I have been able to demonstrate an ability to forgive and move on, where others would likely have got stuck in a downward spiral, not to survive. I have been reported to have come from other star systems, or to have a Royal bloodline, possibly back to biblical times. I have seen it reported that I may have been David, the young man who fought Goliath. The similarity there would be courage, faith and the responsibility to take on something that no one else was willing to do.

People tend to like to speculate on these kinds of mystical connections, perhaps as some form of validation, by linking to some earlier magic. But I do not need any form of validation. I would be okay knowing any of these were true, but I would also *not* be disappointed if none of it were true. It is largely irrelevant to me simply getting on with my purpose here. I mention these things only because they were appearing in card readings.

Here is the Mission, in brief: Live a life where you will always be the outsider, unpopular and scapegoated for what goes wrong. Have no real romantic success. Find that while fully giving all your love to people, they return almost nothing. Be surrounded by false

friends who will sell you out and betray you with your lovers. Never fit in, in your work life. Be always disliked by any form of authority. Have great difficulty with the work environment where the norm is for people to tell others what they want to hear, not to value truth, which is your default setting. Be set upon by black magic, often in whole group efforts, for you to wrestle thru spells of confusion, unfortunate events, evil eye, etc. Never have much money, or success. Decade after decade after decade.

Any volunteers ...?

My early childhood was very happy. I have seen card readers say that the spirit world referred to me as the Golden Child. I was not blond, so I presume this was due to my spiritual gifts and potential for abundance. Also, a reading said I have a beautiful golden aura. I liked to play in an old worn-out car in the backyard. My mom would watch me in the backyard from the kitchen window. That yard always seemed sunny. I would have a lunch sandwich outside, cut into small diagonal pieces, the way I liked, "across and across, corner to corner". I loved my cat. Life was good.

I have seen it said that many light workers were from different dimensions and star systems; that they found earth very dense, compared to the light bodies they were used to inhabiting in those realms. I cannot know any of this as fact, but I will say that my earliest feeling of a depressing or existentialist nature, happened when I was 3 or 4 years old. I had crawled on my back under the couch to reach a lost toy. I got in there, but it was tight. With no room to roll over, I just lay there a while. The human body does not work very well, to reverse out of there on your back. I had gone in at an angle, so my view as I lay there, was the couch bottom, at an angle, with some light at my lower legs from the rest of the room. Basically, I thought how much this view and situation sucked. So much so that I still retain this memory of it. Welcome to the dense, frustrating nature of human life.

Once I entered kindergarten, I began to be an outsider. I did not fit in, and I never really have, since. I had now begun to enter, what I call my "Slings and Arrows" period, which was most of 6 decades. This is a poetic way (quoting Shakespeare) to refer to a seemingly endless stretch of suckage. At 19, I had gotten my astrological chart read. It said Happy for my early years. Then it just said Trouble, for the mid period of my life. It failed to mention just how long that period would stretch. For later, it said, No Trouble If Careful. It did mention that I would show some spiritual ability, perhaps while in a group – but it was rather vague there. It said I would be plagued by false friends. I was, but by always thinking the best about people, I actually set myself up to be betrayed by them.

It also mentioned that I would attract a particularly good partner. My presumption was that the narcissist I ended up with was the person it had referred to. Everyone seemed to agree that she was harmless, a real sweetheart. The sweet, outer reputation of this partner was very well maintained by her, so it always made me wonder why I experienced such difficulty when in private with her. It followed the narcissist playbook they can create,

of you not believing your own reality, via confusion and gaslighting. Since “she was a good person” in the astrology reading, what was wrong with me that I did not see it? It is only now, that I am manifesting the *actual* good partner that was astrologically predicted.

I always felt anxious. This is the feeling one gets from the Evil Eye. You feel you are being watched, and others are influenced by it to perceive you in a bad light. In grade four, I chewed all my fingernails to stubs. They never recovered. Anytime I ventured (maybe checking in every 5 to 10 years) with any kind of fortune teller, it always tended to feature the Evil Eye, or the Tarot card of the Hanged Man. Decade after decade. No change.

My work life was often in tatters. One career ended, because times changed, and tastes moved on. One ended because I became completely alienated by the hypocrisy of management, as uncovered by a coworker friend. One career ended because I could never really catch a break, even in rare occasions that I got a (lower) management position.

My truth/mouth got me dismissed from jobs. I was frequently misunderstood, where a malignant interpretation of what I said was presumed, not the innocent intention. My tone was not sufficiently diplomatic. I could look at times, incompetent, especially around technology, computers. This was probably a result of the confusion spells I was always under. After a while, I would start to believe that I must just be lousy at computers, which became a self-fulfilling prophecy. My truth was never welcome around co-workers. The common stance in workplaces is to wear masks, and to be ruthless, dog-eat-dog, while stroking others' Egos. I could never stand such environments, nor thrive in them. I far preferred independence, and away from the energy of others (like most empaths do).

I knew I was always good at solving problems and had a fine strategic mind. But I was never given much opportunity to use it. I mentioned this in cover letter, after cover letter. I had folder after folder, the past two decades, of job applications where I said this. For every 100 of these, I might get 6 calls, maybe 2 interviews. And almost never hired. In between, I would try to keep up the volume of applications, but such repeated rejection would force me to pull back awhile and try to heal. After my Liberation (Ego death) I realized I would never again accept such jobs. It was with great satisfaction that I threw out folder after folder of these old applications.

I began to suspect, in the last decade, that I must be cursed. How else to explain such persistent difficulties? I spent \$300 on an online psychic, whose advice I followed. It may well have worked, but more magic was just lumped on me, I would presume. I was roundly criticized and mocked for spending foolishly, by the very people I now suspect were prime sources of the spell work placed on me. It may have been causing them extra work. My assumption was that there was just one curse, possibly from an aunt, who had originally gone out with my father, but he eventually married her younger sister, my mom. As the only male heir, I presumed that perhaps, I was the target of revenge for this, via a curse.

I watched many younger than me, start and eventually consolidate a career. I know the often quoted wisdom, is that one learns more from failures than successes. Most people would have a few failures, then go on to build something fruitful. In my case, I just went from failure, to failure, to failure. I had occasional successes, but they never lasted. Whenever I got any kind of large lump sum of money, some disaster would soon occur to wipe it all out. It got to a point where I wondered why I was created. What purpose was I here to serve? My life had just seemed like a colossal waste of time and energy. It seemed cruel that I had no purpose, that I could see. Any dreams I had would never happen.

I had the eventual realization, that I would never establish a career. That I would simply work until I died, due to no real savings. From a middle-class background, I found it rather embarrassing to have to use a food bank, for a time, to help feed my family. There was a period of 5 eviction notices in a row, barely navigated thru. I went without vehicle registration for a time, until that bill was payable. No disrespect intended, but a pizza delivery job at my age was also a come down. I have been described in card readings, as having “CEO energy”. Try to imagine my frustration, decade after decade, of never being able to realize anything but lower-level positions. Never getting to use my talents.

I had what card readers would call “Tower” moments, in love or career, frequently. I always got back up. Left alone, I was actually capable of abundance, but under constant disruptive energies this would fail. But I found ways to maneuver sticky financial impasses, perhaps because of this innate skill with abundance, in an emergency. I was seldom in a good mood, amidst all of this, and I am not proud of who I was or how I acted, at times. I would eventually get past the tower moment, and seldom saw any point in poisoning myself inside, by holding a grudge towards others.

Looking back on my life, once I had begun to Ascend, and collect information on what it was all about, it made sense. I doubt I took on the Mission for the reward. Besides, I have no memory of being offered reward, (which would be for surviving, for danger pay, and for lost love and fortune). I tend to do things because they are the right thing to do. I was probably intrigued by the risk, and it is part of my character to relish a challenge.

The extreme tests of this life would eventually compress me into an unbreakable diamond. It gave me the experience of always being the underdog, the common man, the undervalued. It meant that if I was later to accomplish great things, I would be trustworthy, since I was the opposite of what people usually consider “one of the Elites”. The plan was Divine, in its patience and misdirection. On the 5D Earth, my gifts of Authenticity and Healing would be valuable. I could defend the unwashed masses. The New Earth reality was foretold: ‘The first would be last, and the last would be first’. I had always been last.

Now it was my turn.

To UN-Fuck the World.

Upcoming, will be...

Chapter Five

There is Freewill in the Universe, to make up your own mind. - Lorne Moore, author.

Chapter Four - Related Outside Content (Links to Click)

These outside links are offered as contextual material that resonated with me during this period. They are not presented as evidence, nor as endorsement. All discernment remains with the reader.

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UPDATE: outside links still under construction.

A holiday in Europe delayed my posting. In order to get new content out, it is published for now, without these related links.